

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



YOUNG FRANKLIN FINDS NEW AND USEFUL FRIENDS.

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE COTTAGE AT P.—ITS INMATES AND THEIR VISITORS.

ABOUT an acre of meadow-land was attached to the cottage at P., and this enabled the new tenants to keep a cow, which the younger Mrs. Franklin was induced to purchase with the balance of the bank note she had received through her benevolent doctor, after deducting the amount of Mrs. Judkins's moderate bill. The keeping of this cow, while it added to the resources of the

cottagers, gave an excuse for the retention of Martha White, as dairy-woman—Letty employing herself, meanwhile, in plain needle-work, with which she was kindly enough supplied by a few affluent families in the neighbourhood, who sympathized in her misfortunes.

The pecuniary circumstances of the poor women were, in short, more comfortable than might have been anticipated; but, as a faithful chronicler, I am bound to say that their pretty rustic cottage was the abode, not only of sorrow, which was natural enough, but also of discord.

In sad truth, the three women did not get on together

so well as they had formerly done at "The Lees" farm, and the sorrow which should have bound them to each other in mutual help, and as bearers of one another's burdens, was in a great measure the cause of their disunion.

The elder Mrs. Franklin, for instance, clung, with the perversity of an obstinate and ignorant woman, to the absurd idea that her son's fate had been brought about by Letty; and though she had once been silenced on this topic by Martha, the complaint was constantly breaking out afresh in various forms, sometimes in innuendoes, at other times in direct charges. Then the mother-in-law was jealous of the kindness shown by strangers to her daughter-in-law, and of the strong affection evinced by Martha White in the same quarter.

"I am nothing and nobody now," moaned the poor woman to herself, or to any gossip whose ear she could catch; "'tis Letty that gets all the pity and all the help, and I get all the shame. As if William wasn't my son, and I hadn't as much feeling about him as his wife can have. Oh dear, oh dear!" And then she would weep bitterly and rock herself in her chair until some fresh circumstance gave a yet angrier turn to her feelings, and then she would vent her reproaches upon Letty or Martha, or both of them indiscriminately.

On the other hand—for we are not writing about faultless beings by any means—Letty had failings, which cast the stronger shadow now that she had no husband to stand between her and the sun. More than half distracted by the sudden calamity which had befallen her, and having no room in her heart for other thoughts than those connected with her banished husband, she neglected her obvious duties, and when irritated by the reproaches of her mother-in-law, returned taunt for taunt. In these painful domestic wranglings, Martha White invariably sided with her young mistress, and so freely lectured the one she had virtually discarded, that no wonder the unhappy woman considered herself reduced to a cipher in the household.

In the midst of these discords, little Willy Franklin was in danger, if not of total neglect, yet of that fitful and irresolute attention which is sometimes almost worse. A noisy, boisterous child, and too young not merely to comprehend, but even to be aware of the altered circumstances around him, and losing all infantine recollections of his father, his high spirits grated upon his poor afflicted mother's heart, and drove her from his society, while the elder woman refused, from what she would have called principle, to have anything to do with other people's children; hadn't she had trouble enough with her own? Happily for the boy, however, Martha White here stepped into the breach, and took him under her own charge; and as she mingled some degree of firmness with her strong affection for "poor master's unfortunate boy," the consequences of parental neglect were not so palpable as they otherwise would in all probability have been.

Before leaving these domestic details, we must add that visitors occasionally looked in upon the desolate family. Among these was the Vicar of Oakley, the incumbent whose poetic effusions we have briefly referred to in a former chapter. This gentleman, being deeply imbued with the conviction that (at least in all matters non-ecclesiastic) his patron was as near to perfection as any mortal squire could be, tried very hard, on his first visit, to inspire his auditors with the same veneration, and to induce them humbly to kiss the rod which had been wielded with such smarting effect, if not immediately by the squirely hand, yet through his agency; but, though disagreeing in almost all things besides, the three females unitedly opened such a cry upon the

imprudent mediator, that he was fain to beat a speedy retreat; and, being a wise as well as a good man in a certain fashion, he never afterwards meddled with the tender topic, but in his future visits endeavoured to pour the balm of spiritual consolation into the wounded spirits of the mourners. This had better effect; and as, according to Martha White, the good man did not take any airs upon himself, his visits were, at any rate, not unwelcome.

Another frequent visitor to the cottage had a still more delicate part to play in her benevolent mission. We have already slightly introduced the lady of "The Oaks" to our readers, who will be prepared to imagine that she was not an unfeeling witness of the distress of the Franklins, while, at the same time, she concurred in the justice of the punishment which had overtaken the hardened man (as she conceived him to be) who had so nearly slain her husband. Very soon after their removal to P., therefore, Mrs. Oakley surprised the poor women by driving up to their door in her pony chaise, and requesting an interview. With a great deal of prudence, she entirely forbore any attempt to justify her husband, and avoided all reference to the primary cause of their sorrow, while she opened her large womanly heart in sympathy with it. What was still more self-denying and difficult in the circumstances of the case, the lady refrained from offers of charitable assistance, rightly judging that, from her, such offers would be considered as an insult; but she spoke so wisely and kindly, and brought herself so down to the level of their griefs, without the slightest appearance of patronage, that a way was opened for subsequent intercourse.

Eventually, Mrs. Oakley might have mediated between her husband and the Franklins with so much success as to soften their hearts towards him; but before the favourable time arrived the opportunity was gone. Meanwhile, however, her visits were welcome; and the more so, that little Willy Franklin, when he had broken down a barrier of childish bashfulness, became mightily enamoured of the good lady, and claimed as a playmate the child by whom she was generally accompanied.

Another occasional visitor to the cottage was Mr. Peake the lawyer, who, having business that way, as he said, made a point of punctually, every quarter-day, alighting at the door and leaving in Letty's hands the portion of the annuity which he averred to be due. He was taciturn enough on this subject; but he was kind and respectful, and his short visits were at least tolerated for the assistance they brought.

A more welcome visitor to Letty, and the last we shall mention, was Mr. Anthony Melburn, the magistrate who had spoken so favourably of William Franklin in his evidence at the trial. This gentleman was a singular compound of generous feeling and extreme carefulness (not to say parsimony), when money was concerned, which was partly to be accounted for, probably, by the fact that his earlier life had been a hard and long struggle with grinding poverty. Mr. Melburn, who had throughout been convinced of Franklin's innocence, and had headed the unsuccessful petition in his favour, continued to bestir himself on behalf of the injured man and his family, especially when he found that money relief was not required. For some months after the convict ship had sailed, he plagued the Home Secretary with memorials, and letters, and reminders, and rejoinders; and during this time he frequently called at the cottage to report progress, and to feed the faint, flickering hope of poor Letty, that her husband's pardon would eventually be granted, and that he would ere long be restored to her. But, unfortunately for his success in these bene-

volent efforts, Mr. Melburn's politics were obnoxious to the government, and he had no influential friends in high quarters to back his strong representations. The consequence was, that after several curt and unpromising replies, every one of which would have stopped the mouth or pen of a less sanguine advocate, the gentleman received at length a positive refusal on the part of the government to interfere with the due course of justice, and a request that he would cease from his unavailing importunities.

It was with a sad heart that Mr. Melburn reported to those more immediately concerned, the final non-success of his applications; but he did not entirely cease from his attempts to console. And he partly succeeded in this, by representing in bright and glowing colours, the far-off regions to which Franklin had been banished, and the great chances there were of well-conducted, intelligent, and industrious convicts attaining to comfort, and even to positive wealth, in addition to liberty, in the new colony.

"Wait a year or two with patience and hope," said this comforter, "and your husband will be sending for you to share in his prosperity; and by and by you will be founding a new family on the other side of the world, and feel thankful that he and you did not stop in England, to struggle out your whole existence in vain attempts to get your heads above water."

Whether or not the well-meaning magistrate believed in his own flattering representations, it was not in the nature of things that Letty should not be in some measure influenced by them. And so it came to pass, that in her secret mind sprang up an indefinite anticipation that her present trial was destined, at some future time, to have a happy termination in a re-union with her banished husband. With this object always in view, she scraped and saved, and laid by the greater proportion of her own earnings, that the fulfilment of her hopes might not be checked or hindered by immediate lack of resources on her part.

CHAPTER XXII.—A LETTER AND ITS RESULTS.

A LETTER came from William Franklin, which dispelled for ever all the fond day-dreams of his wife. It was at the commencement of the second year of his absence, and the letter was the first Letty had received from her husband since the sailing of the convict ship. It was dated from Port Jackson, a few weeks after his arrival at the colony, and was full of materials for sorrow and alarm. The voyage, which had occupied more than six months, was described as a lengthened torture; the convict ship, as a floating hell; the unhappy convicts, who were crammed and crowded together below deck, were represented as comparable only to lost spirits, polluting the air with the most horrid blasphemies; while the officers over them were described as little better than fiends, whose chief delight was in tormenting the poor wretches whom fate had placed in their power.

A mutiny had broken out among the convicts during the voyage, which with difficulty, and not without bloodshed, had been quelled; and then had followed scenes of heart-sickening punishment, in which the innocent suffered alike with the guilty. Then came a fever—the veritable jail-fever—which carried off one third of the miserable herd of convicts, and decimated the ship's crew. At length came the end of the voyage, but not of the sufferings; and the writer went on to speak bitterly of the treatment to which he, in common with his fellow convicts, was subjected—working by day in gangs, chained to each other, in hard and killing labour upon the roads, or in the prison yards; badly fed at all times,

and sometimes nearly starved; driven at night into barracks, or more properly, filthy sties, where they were herded together like beasts; tyrannized over by men who were hardened against sights of suffering and sounds of sorrow, and were armed with almost irresponsible power; and subjected to the severest corporal punishments on the slightest pretences. All this and more was the burden of the doleful letter, couched in the strong language which was natural to a man whose soul was boiling within him from a sense of wrong, and especially natural to one whose habits and education, like William Franklin's, had unfitted him equally for association with the vile and abandoned, and for tame submission to despotic authority.

Franklin went on in his letter to heap upon Miles Oakley, as his persecutor, the fiercest objurcations of unhallowed wrath, calling down upon him the bitterest curses, and charging his wife to repudiate all benefits from his hand should he dare to offer them, and to train up their boy in stern hatred of his father's enemy.

Towards the close of his letter the unhappy writer bade a touching and solemn farewell to Letty and his mother, plainly declaring that his condition was so unbearable that death was better than life, and hinting obscurely at some approaching crisis which would almost certainly bring the longed-for release.

In a postscript, Franklin explained that the letter had been surreptitiously written, and would be sent to England by a secret channel, so as not to pass under the eye of his gaolers. And once more he said farewell. "Good-bye, mother; good-bye, my poor, poor, wife," thus he wrote; "give Willy a last kiss from me, and tell him not to forget his murdered father. Good-bye, all; God comfort you, Letty, dear Letty. This is the last time you will hear from your unfortunate husband. Once more, good-bye."

A week or two after the arrival of this letter, the lady of "The Oaks," on paying her accustomed visit to the cottage, found the elder Mrs. Franklin in a high state of excitement and alarm, accompanied by wringing of hands and other external signs and tokens of distress. It was some time before the visitor could obtain an intelligible answer to her inquiries; but at length it transpired that both her daughter-in-law and Martha White had disappeared on the preceding day, had been absent all night, and were yet missing.

"It is all along of that letter," cried the poor woman, on being further questioned.

"That letter?"

"A letter from poor William," sobbed William's mother.

"I did not know that you had heard from your unhappy son; may I see the letter?" asked the lady.

Mrs. Franklin drew it from her bosom. "It was to me, as well as to Letty," she said; "and so I thought I had a right to have it." She did not add that the proprietorship and safe-keeping of this letter had been the occasion of angry words between herself and Letty; but Mrs. Oakley could scarcely avoid drawing this inference from the words spoken. She took the letter without remark, however, and read it. Her brow clouded as she proceeded. A strong feeling of compassion for the misguided man was first excited in her heart, as she perused his doleful experiences of the first fruits of his punishment; but eventually this gave way to deeper indignation against the writer, for the revengeful outburst of his passion towards her husband. She merely said, however, as she gave back the epistle—

"I am very sorry for your son, Mrs. Franklin; and I

trust his mind has by this time become more calm. But," added the lady, "distressing as this letter must have been to your poor daughter, I do not see how it accounts for her disappearance."

"It almost drove her out of her senses, ma'am, as it has done me too, for that matter," continued the weeping woman; "and ever since the day it came she has been wandering about from place to place, quite wild-like. She has gone out in the morning, ma'am, day after day, leaving everything for me and Martha to do, and not coming back till night, and not saying a word about where she has been; and now—"

"It is to be hoped she will return, as she has done before; but you say that Martha White is gone too."

"Yes, ma'am, and I shall never see them again—never, never; and it is all my fault, too," sobbed the poor woman, with honest compunction.

"I do not understand it," said the sympathizing and puzzled visitor; "how can it be all your fault, and why do you say that you shall never see them again?"

"Because, ma'am, because"—and then it came out reluctantly that Mrs. Franklin, in the midst of her grief for her son, had given way to a more than usual violent storm of reproaches against her poor fellow-sufferer, in which the old servant had a full share, and thus she had driven them both away. Moreover, on the morning of their disappearance, a scrap of paper had been left behind, on which Letty had written, "I am going away; I shall never trouble you again; take care of Willy for his father's sake." The paper was blotted and blistered with tears.

"But where can the foolish women be gone?" asked the visitor, who seemed to be getting into a maze of perplexities without hope of extrication.

"They'll be found in some pond or river, in one another's arms," responded the agitated woman, with a loud cry of horror at the idea which her own imagination had raised; "drowned! drowned!"

"No, no; nonsense, Mrs. Franklin," said the lady, soothingly; "you ought rather to hope that Martha has gone to take care of your unfortunate daughter, and will bring her back soon in safety."

"You don't know Martha White, ma'am," rejoined Mrs. Franklin, with some infusion of her late habitual jealousy; "she is so bound up with Letty that there is not a mortal thing she would refuse to do if Letty only held up her little finger."

"At any rate, let us hope, then, that Martha has equal influence to withhold your daughter from doing anything so desperate as you fear. Depend upon it, they will both find their way home again soon. Poor Letty isn't the woman to desert her own child."

Mrs. Franklin shook her head sadly. "It isn't much attention she has paid Willy of late," she said; adding, however, "To be sure she hugged him and kissed him till the child was well nigh frightened, the night before she went away; but this only shows what was in her poor weak mind then."

In short, there was no disabusing Mrs. Franklin's mind of the idea that Letty and Martha had disappeared for ever; and (mixing up her apprehensions on this account with a not unnatural consideration for her own ease and comfort) what she should do with Willie she didn't know.

"Do not trouble yourself needlessly about the child," said the kindly-disposed visitor; "let him return with me in my chaise; my nursemaid shall take charge of him for a day or two. My Miles will be very glad of a companion."

Accordingly, little Willie was called, and a few articles

of clothing being hastily put together, the boy, who had before been disconsolate at the loss of his mother and Martha, readily submitted to being lifted into the pony chaise. Meanwhile, as nothing further could be done to help the poor woman out of her trouble, Mrs. Oakley drove off, promising to return on the morrow, when she trusted she should hear of the safe return of the missing females.

The morrow came, however, and many morrows, without bringing any tidings of Letty and Martha; and all inquiries which were set on foot respecting the fugitives ended in disappointment.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A NURSEMAID WANTED—AND SUPPLIED.

ON a bright but blustering March day, two women stood sheltering themselves as they best could from the high wind, in a narrow and black-visaged lane, leading out of the Broadway, in the old town of Deptford. The women were jaded and way-worn, otherwise their appearance was respectable enough, though they were differently attired, one being in deep mourning, with her face inclosed in that conformation of crimped book-muslin or lawn, known as widows' weeds, while the other was in coloured gown, kerchief, shawl, and bonnet.

"I'll wait here for you, my precious," said the coloured to the black-gown wearer; "'tis only a few steps now; but before you go, think again, my darling creature: have you made up your mind to it?"

"Quite: yes, yes, yes," replied the other, with a firm voice; though, had a passer-by looked curiously in her face, her lips would have been seen to turn ashy pale. Indeed, her companion noticed the change, and remarked upon it with an anxious look and tone.

"It is nothing—nothing. I shall be better in a minute," said the widow; and before the other could reply, she was rapidly hastening down the street.

She knocked at the door of a respectable house, and was admitted, on first mentioning a name.

The room into which she was first shown was in great confusion. It had little furniture; but on the uncarpeted floor, instead of tables and chairs were numerous packages, some in strong boxes, others in bales; some already packed and corded, others in process of packing.

"You can go up into the drawing-room and see mistress and master," said the girl who had given admittance to the widow, returning to the room, and then leading the way on to the first floor. In another minute the stranger stood before "mistress and master."

"Pray be seated, my good woman," said the latter, who was in a clerical undress. The woman sat down on the nearest chair. "You are the person my brother wrote to me about, I presume; but he did not prepare me with the intelligence of your being a widow: have you been long bereaved?" The gentleman asked this question in a kindly tone, which seemed to touch the poor woman, for she put her handkerchief to her eyes, which rapidly filled to overflowing as she replied in faint, broken, and sorrowful tones—

"A little over a year, sir."

"A year! and you are yet young. My brother"—the gentleman referred to a note which he had been holding in his hand—"says something about an experienced person, which led me to suppose that you were older."

"They always said I looked young for my age, sir," replied the woman, quietly; "and I have had experience."

"In nursing, you mean," added the gentleman. "Have you had—excuse my asking—any child or children of your own? Of course you have none now, or you would not think of leaving England."

"Two, sir; I have had two dear little ones," cried the

poor widow, hysterically; but one of them didn't—live—didn't—

"My dear, you distress the poor woman," interposed the lady, who had not before spoken, and who was then nursing an infant. "Pray excuse Mr. Haydon, Martha. Your name is Martha, I believe."

The woman made an affirmative gesture, but did not speak.

"Mr. Haydon does not wish, I am sure, to open your wounds afresh. You think, then, that you can undertake the charge?" continued the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is a long voyage, and a very wild country we are going to, Martha," added the gentleman; "and you may not have an opportunity of returning for a long time, should you wish to do so. Have you considered it well? and do you think you shall be able to bear the banishment from your home and friends?"

"You and your lady are going away from home and friends too, sir, I think," said the young widow.

"That's very true, Mrs. White—"

"Please to call me Martha, sir; I should like it best, if you have no objection," said the applicant quietly.

"By all means. Well, Martha, it is very true that we are leaving home and dear friends; but, as a minister of religion, I have no choice but to follow the leadings of Providence. My duty seems to call me to that distant country, and my wife thinks it her duty to be where her husband is."

"May God Almighty bless her!" exclaimed the young widow, involuntarily as it seemed; for she instantly began to apologize for her sudden outburst of feeling.

"There is no need to apologize," said the clergyman, with moistened eyes. "It is a good and acceptable prayer; and I too say, 'May God Almighty bless her for her willingness to endure hardships with me and for my sake.' But you, Martha—"

"I am willing to bear them too, for her sake—if—if you will but let me go as her servant," said the young widow.

There was not much more to be said. Charles Haydon, the young clergyman (for he was young), who was going out to the colony of New South Wales as convict chaplain, was too glad to engage, after numberless failures, a respectable servant of his brother John's recommending, to accompany his wife and take charge of the child. And after a few more questions, which were satisfactorily answered, Martha White (as the applicant was named in brother John's letter) engaged to return that same day to the house, preparatory to embarking on board the ship, which a week later was to sail from the port of Deptford.

Then she hurried back to keep her appointment with the companion she had left near the Broadway.

"I am going! I am going!" she said, as she threw herself into her friend's arms, and sobbed and wept like a child on her breast.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

In former numbers we gave a descriptive and historical account of these islands,* and now, as called for by the proposed cession of the Protectorate held by Great Britain for nearly half a century, we proceed to recount some of the more recent occurrences which have sprung out of the relation of the islands to the protecting Power; and also to indicate the state of opinion and feeling

existing among the Ionians on the subject of union with Greece.

The Treaty of Paris, signed by the Great Powers on the 5th of November, 1815, erected the Seven Islands into a united State, under the exclusive protection of the British Crown.

The constitutional charter, framed in terms of the treaty, after its acceptance by the Ionian Assembly, was ratified by royal assent on the 26th of August, 1817. The charter vested the powers of government and legislation in a British Lord High Commissioner, a Senate, and a Legislative Assembly—the President of the Senate to be named by the Crown, and the other five senators chosen by the members of the Legislative Assembly from their own body. The Legislative Assembly was itself composed mainly of members elected by the people, but also in part of a number named by the Government. A law, to have force, required to be passed by both Houses, and to be approved by the Lord High Commissioner. The duties of the executive devolved on the Senate, under the superintendence of the same high functionary. The local government in each of the Seven Islands was vested in a municipal council, virtually appointed by the general government, under the oversight of a Resident, representing the Lord High Commissioner. For about thirty-two years, or until 1849, this system worked admirably, and effected, to quote the words of Sir George Bowen, in a recent memorandum on Ionian affairs, "a complete revolution, moral, social, and political in the condition of the Islands. Trade and agriculture were encouraged—justice was administered with vigour and impartiality—schools were founded—the resources of the country, and of the government and church lands were developed—the public and ecclesiastical revenues were carefully regulated and punctually collected, while excellent roads (unknown elsewhere in the Levant), and other public noble works, laid deeply the foundations of prosperity and civilization, and threw open districts which had remained inaccessible throughout the period of the Venetian dominion."

With such results, any changes affecting the system of government were surely to be deprecated; but in an evil hour, and in sympathy with the revolutionary spirit which spread over Europe in 1848, Lord Seaton, then Lord High Commissioner, proposed and carried through the Ionian Parliament, under the name of a reform, a measure which introduced vote by ballot, and greatly extended the franchise for the election of members for the Legislative Assembly, which was also made wholly elective. The choice of local municipal councillors, hitherto the nominees, or very nearly so, of the government, was committed to the same popular suffrage. The municipal councils, each in its insular jurisdiction, in addition to their consultative duties, it is necessary to observe, fulfil many executive functions. They superintend schools—control the markets—manage church and government property—direct roads and public works, and collect the local taxes. The salaries of the officials, judged by the Ionian standard, are high, and the patronage at their disposal considerable. Elected at the expiry of every two and a half years, it is very easy to see how self-interest was likely to lead them to make every effort to stand well with their constituents. To gain votes became, in fact, a paramount object; and, as popularity was essential to re-election, the public debtors were not pressed, nor the transgressors of the municipal laws and regulations punished. The private advantage of the officials, interfering as it did with the efficient discharge of their duties, loss and detriment necessarily accrued to the revenue and to the public interests. Sir Henry

* See Nos. 376, 377, and 378.

Ward, Lord High Commissioner, in 1851, informs the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that many of the municipal officers are more disposed to consider themselves as the organs of the passions of their constituents than as part of the machinery by which the government is to be carried on; he also complains of their factious conduct, and of their giving "their official sanction to attempts which it was the duty of the police to put down, as contrary to the law and dangerous to the peace of the state." In a subsequent despatch, of date 22nd April, 1852, Sir Henry goes even so far as to express his belief, that the system of government bequeathed to him by Lord Seaton was "not to be worked by any human power;" and that the only alternative was to allow the Ionians to work themselves out by interminable disputes, discreditable to the protecting Power, or to introduce a new system of government. Not less to the proceedings of the Legislative Assembly than to the municipal councils do these strictures apply. The fine roads formed while General Sir Charles Napier was Resident of Cephalonia, through the neglect of the council of that island had become almost impassable for carriages; and a similar fate seemed in store for the roads of Corfu, and the piers, aqueducts, and other works, formed by the British Protectorate prior to 1849.

In 1858, a serious misunderstanding arose between the then Lord High Commissioner, Sir John Young, and the five municipal officers of Corfu. The latter transmitted a memorial to Sir E. B. Lytton, the Colonial Secretary, complaining of an expression of opinion in the Lord Commissioner's message to the Senate, as to the illegality of certain proceedings of the municipality. The reference in the message they considered a most arbitrary act, and took occasion, in the document containing their complaint, to claim for the Ionians independence of the protecting Power in all internal concerns, and for the municipal councils the right to issue acts and order their immediate execution. This claim, alike opposed to the Treaty of Paris and to the constitutional charter, was not less untenable as implying the sanction and support of the Protectorate to every action of the magistrates, however repugnant to justice and good sense.

Sir John Young, in reporting to the Home Government on the general state of Ionian affairs, takes credit to himself for the success of his management, so far as his authority went, but carefully disclaims the responsibility, which rested with the municipal councils of the Islands, for the disrepair of roads, the disregard of local institutions, the non-collection of revenues, and the corruption which wasted what was collected. The bad laws which regulated the sale and transfer of land, the insecurity of all dealings with real property, the high rate of usury, and the neglected state of the ports, lay also beyond his powers of rectification, and pertained to the province of the Legislative Assembly.

Influenced by such representations, the Cabinet of Lord Derby resolved to despatch a special commissioner "to inquire into and report on the whole state of the government of the Ionian Islands, and on the political relation of the protecting Power and the people, so as to lead to the equitable adjustment of every existing difficulty." The Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone was the person selected for this important mission. Bearing with him his credentials as Lord Commissioner Extraordinary, he arrived at Corfu on the 24th November, 1858, and after a befitting reception at once set about his arduous undertaking.

An untoward circumstance which occurred at the outset, caused much embarrassment and raised up a host of additional difficulties. This was the publication, just

before Mr. Gladstone's arrival, of two secret despatches from Sir John Young, which had been stolen from the Foreign Office, and which recommended the conversion of Corfu and Paxa into British colonies, and the annexation of the other five Islands to the kingdom of Greece. The dismemberment of the Ionian State, and in particular the destination of the two Islands, proposed by the Lord High Commissioner, created much excitement and distrust in the minds of the Ionians, and led Mr. Gladstone, with scarcely a day's delay, to address the Senate explanatory of the true object of his mission, which was not to effect radical changes, but simply to recommend such reforms as were necessary to insure good government, and to promote the prosperity of the Seven Islands. In order to acquaint himself with the state of public feeling, and to hold communication with persons likely to afford counsel or information, the Commissioner Extraordinary made a tour of all the Islands except Cerigo, which, from its distance and other circumstances, he was unable to visit. The temper of the Islands he found to be "feverish," and the conclusion to which he came was, that "material changes" were necessary, at once for the good of the Ionians, the dignity of the protecting Power, and the general interests of Europe.

Sir John Young was recalled, and Mr. Gladstone appointed his successor, the better to enable him to lay before the Legislative Assembly, in an Extraordinary Session, the necessary reforms. The Assembly was no sooner met than the extreme difficulty of the undertaking became more apparent. After much preliminary discussion on extraneous subjects, and the adoption of a petition to Her Majesty, praying for the union of the Seven Islands with Greece, Mr. Gladstone was enabled on the 6th of February to bring forward his scheme for the re-adjustment of the Ionian constitution. Amid a number of other recommendations, its main proposals were to renounce the disposal of salaried offices by popular election, to reorganize the municipal and local governments, and to divest the Senate of its executive functions, vesting them in a council of ministers, open to parliamentary influence, and removable by a joint address from the two Chambers. Had the scheme been accepted in its entirety, it would doubtless have produced a signal improvement both in the legislation and administration of the Islands; but, striking as the reforms did at the demagogues and traffickers in place, a majority of whom constituted the Assembly, it is not surprising that the tenor of the debates to which they gave rise was to the effect "that an Assembly which had pronounced the words, 'Union with Greece,' should not permit any less sacred names to pass its lips," and that the decision arrived at was, "that the reforms be declared inadmissible." Of the thirty-eight members present, none withdrew from the division; twenty-eight voted against the reforms, the President only, by an act of great moral courage, voting for them. Mr. Gladstone's earnest and well-intended labours thus proved signally abortive as regards the immediate object sought to be attained; but not the less was a great end accomplished in placing England in a right position before the eyes of the world, by proving her honest desire to discharge her duty towards the people whom she had undertaken to protect. On that people themselves, after their rejection of the remedy, devolved the responsibility of their misgovernment, or, as Mr. Gladstone, taking to himself what consolation he could from his failure, expresses it, "The abuses and the paralysis, the demagoguism and the corruption which prevail in the country, will henceforward lie at the door of the Ionians."

A hope was besides entertained, that when passion

began to cool down, a constitutional party would arise and gradually gain strength, enlightened enough to discern the merits of Mr. Gladstone's projected reforms, and candid enough to acknowledge that England had no interested motive in their proposal, but sought simply, in accordance with her treaty obligations to Europe, to advance the welfare and material interests of the Ionian people.

That the lapse of time did not fulfil this expectation appears from a despatch of Sir Henry K. Storks, who succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Lord High Commissioner, addressed in January, 1861, to the Duke of Newcastle, asking what course he should adopt if the unconstitutional question of union with Greece should be brought up for discussion before the approaching eleventh Assembly. As usual, the representative of the Crown opened the Ionian Parliament by an address. The answer to the address agreed to by the Assembly speedily exhibited the temper of the legislators. It breathed a spirit of extreme dissatisfaction, and with singular obliquity of vision and disingenuousness, charged upon the protecting Power the very evils which, three years before, it had sought in vain to remedy. In the view of the Assembly, the Protectorate had concentrated in itself all authority, hindered the native element from contributing to the development of the resources of the country, violated personal liberty, introduced deplorable oppression, permitted institutions to decay, and produced, by bad administration and the waste of the public revenues, the deplorable position of the finances of the State. The "answer" wound up its diatribe with the solemn assurance "that until the Greek people sees shining before it a future worthy of its origin, of its expectations, of its struggles, and of its rights, it will never enjoy a true and stable prosperity." After giving expression to such sentiments, it was but natural that the Assembly should proceed to override the constitutional charter and the treaty to which it owed its existence, by laying upon the table of the House, with a view to discussion, a document purporting to be the "Address of the Representatives of the Seven Islands to the Representatives of the Peoples, to the Governments, and the Philanthropists of Christian Europe." Sir H. Storks, seeing no means of preventing the discussion but by a scene of confusion and violence, brought the sittings of the Assembly to an abrupt close by a prorogation.

This "Address" throws such strong light upon the opinions and desires of the Ionian representatives, if not of the entire Ionian people, and so fully accounts for their repugnance to the British Protectorate, that it is but fair to indicate its general scope. The Greek people it proclaims to be eternally and continuously indivisible. The Greek kingdom has been limited in extent by diplomacy, and is everywhere hindered in its vitality by the narrow bounds in which it is imprisoned. The Seven Islands, without just or reasonable cause, are prevented from entering into the bosom of the Greek kingdom, to the detriment of the Greek race and of European interests, while enslaved Greece is prostrate beneath the Turkish rule. The English Government, which has smiled upon Italy by proclaiming its respect for rights and by recognising the claims of nationalities, withstands the sacred sentiment of this Assembly for national restoration. The Seven Islands, free and independent, are decaying and falling to ruin, civilly, politically, and economically, in their narrow circle, and precluded, when so little hinders, from partaking in the common lot of the free portion of their nation, while, to secure Italian unity, princes have been displaced and the most ancient dynasties overthrown. The Ionian

Assembly raises its voice on behalf of Humanity, of Christianity, of Freedom, invoking Christian Europe in favour of the emancipation of the whole Greek race, and of its incorporation with the existing Greek kingdom.

We cannot characterize the aspirations for Greek unity and independence expressed in the "Address," of which the above is a brief summary, otherwise than as the breathings of patriotism, nor, as such, fail to respect them, however much we may be assured that their realization would not be productive of the benefits so sanguinely expected, either to the Greek race or to the nations of Europe. The exaltation of a people from degeneracy and dependence is to be attained rather by moral than by political means, and comes far less from national organization or extension of territory, than from that sure progress which springs from a pure faith, and which is sustained by worth and integrity in the members of the community, and by high principle and uncorruptedness in its leaders. Without these, the most complete fabric of national restoration must crumble and fall, and bitter disappointment inevitably succeed to the fondest hopes and the fairest visions.

The persistency of demand on the part of the Ionians for incorporation with Greece, has, however, at length met its reward in the avowed willingness of Great Britain to give up its Protectorate, subject to the approval of the Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Paris. Our Government may possibly be of opinion that a longer contention with the antipathies of race is alike unseemly and unjustifiable; and that it is on the whole better to run some risk of European complications, and of detriment to the best interests of the Ionians, than to share the responsibility of administrative abuses which it cannot remove, and to be continually thwarted by an impracticable Assembly, which it can neither reform nor persuade to useful legislation.

The interregnum in Greece, and the good-will of its citizens to this country, as evinced in the extraordinary preference of Prince Alfred for their future king, has no doubt furnished the immediate occasion of the decided step taken by the Queen's Ministry. More by way of strengthening the Greek kingdom, and of compensating its people for withholding the young Prince on whom their hearts have been set, than as an acknowledgment of the justice of the demands of the Ionians, are the Seven Islands proposed to be surrendered.

Thoughtful Ionians must deprecate the impending change. Greece may gain somewhat in strength and *prestige*; but the Seven Islands are sure to lose substantial advantages, which, when lost, cannot be recalled. Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, fully persuaded of this, seek to insure for the wayward child a future as free as possible from apprehended evils, by resting the proposed cession on the communication made by the Provisional Government of Greece on two conditions—1st, that Greece should maintain a constitutional monarchy; and 2ndly, to refrain from a policy of aggression against the Turkish dominions.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

MR. TENNYSON is unquestionably by far the most popular poet of the day. To this great poetical reputation Mr. Longfellow alone, of living writers, approaches. Edition after edition of Tennyson's *Poems* is noiselessly issued, each edition, we understand, consisting of a very unusual number of copies. Not a year passes in which the walls of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy are not adorned

with pictures illustrating some of his subjects. The enthusiasm which he excites among young ladies and gentlemen often reaches the point of temporary insanity. Nor is this all. Mr. Gladstone quotes him with admiration even in opening a Budget, and an ardent peer recites him to grave middle-aged assemblies in the House of Lords. At Oxford we have repeatedly heard him quoted in University sermons, and in all college examinations his poems are constantly being translated into every kind of Greek and Latin metre.

Alfred Tennyson was born in the year 1809, at his father's parsonage at Sowerby, a small but pretty village in Lincolnshire. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, LL.D., in those old days of pluralism was the holder of no less than four livings—Sowerby, Enderby, Benniworth, and Great Grimsby. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, and is described as being a man of great energy of character, and remarkable for his great strength and stature. The family of Tennyson, by a reference to the books and pedigrees of the landed gentry, will be seen to be one of the most ancient in the kingdom, descending from the D'Eyncourts of Norman times; several pages are devoted by Burke to the antiquity of the family. Dr. Tennyson had eleven or twelve children, of whom seven were sons, and Alfred, the future laureate, was the third son. Dr. G. Clayton Tennyson, at the age of fifty-three, died, his father being still alive, and, consequently, the large estates that would have come to himself and his children passed to his second brother, the poet's uncle. This gentleman has been well known as the Right Honorable Charles D'Eyncourt, and was long a distinguished Member of Parliament. In 1835 he assumed the name of D'Eyncourt, in addition to the family name of Tennyson, by royal licence, "in compliance with a condition attached to the enjoyment of certain manors and estates by a codicil to the will of his father, in order to commemorate his descent from the ancient and noble family of D'Eyncourt, Baron D'Eyncourt, of Blackney." The parsonage of Sowerby is described as having been a regular home of the nightingales, the brothers and sisters all beginning to write poetry and tales as soon as they could handle a pen. One of his sisters is married to Professor Lushington, of Glasgow, renowned for Greek; and the separate poem at the conclusion of "In Memoriam" was written in honour of the marriage.

To the scenery of his early days, Mr. Tennyson has made in his poems several allusions. One of these is entitled "Ode to Memory;" and in a volume published when he was only twenty-one, he speaks of this as written at a very early age. He must, consequently, have been a mere boy when he wrote it; and if so, the poem is as wonderful an instance of early intellectual development as anything recorded of Pope. Thus he invokes Memory—

"Come forth, I charge thee! Arise
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Come from the woods that belt the grey hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filtered tribute of the rough woodland.
O, hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin song hath waked loud
Over the dark, dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

The following, also, where he recalls early days, is strikingly descriptive of the flat scenery of the Lincolnshire fens:—

"Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage, whence the sea
Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky."

That was a rare poetical faculty that could thus endue with poetry the unvarying monotony of the vast Lincolnshire landscape. His father died when he was quite a young man. He alludes to him thus:—

"This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief I am not all unlearned;
And through my own doors Death did pass;
One went, who never hath returned.
"He will not smile—not speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been."

One of the stanzas of "In Memoriam," in which he is addressing his brother, has another allusion to these early days:—

"But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint;
And hill, and wood, and field did paint
The same sweet forms in either mind.
"For us the same cold streamlet curled
Through all his eddying coves, the same
All winds that roam, the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.
"At one dear knee we proffered vows,
One lesson from one book we learned;
E'en childhood's flaxen ringlets turned
To black and brown on kindred brows."

The poet also tells us that he is of "a numerous house, with many kinsmen gay." In conjunction with his elder brother Charles (the Rev. Charles Turner, for he has since changed his name), he very early published a little volume, entitled, "Sonnets by Two Brothers." This book is now very scarce, and is only to be found in a very few collections of the curious. I have not seen it myself, neither have I met any one else who has seen it. In due season he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the late Mr. Brimley, Librarian of Trinity College, and one of his most accomplished critics, states that he lived in the centre of the most distinguished young men of his University. In 1819 he obtained the gold medal given by the Chancellor of the University for the best English poem, the subject being "Timbuctoo." A Trinity friend, who was at the lodgings in which the poet used to live when an undergraduate in the town of Cambridge, when he did not have rooms in college, says that the proprietress maintained that there must be something fostering to poetry in the atmosphere of her apartments, as another of her lodgers had also obtained a prize poem; the worthy landlady thinking all poems poetry, and on a level.

The poem of "Timbuctoo" is a very remarkable one, and contains the germ of much that Tennyson has since written. Not being included in any edition of his poems, it is comparatively little known, and we shall therefore do well to give a short account of it. The poet says—

"I stood upon the mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe.

• • • • •
Much I mused on legends quaint and old,
Which whilom drew the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air;
But had their being in the book of man,
As air is the life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled memory,



Thompson

Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later day,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold."

This poem is the earliest specimen of Mr. Tennyson's constant manner of uniting sport with earnest—inner meanings with the outward story. In the case of an ordinary prize poem, the young writer would content himself with giving an accurate and musical description of African scenery; would have told of the stories of adventurers of old; and would poetically dwell on the golden dream of the early discoverers. Thus early he exhibits a large amount of psychological skill. He shows how fable permeates all life and history; how imagination builds cities in the clouds more splendid than modern capitals; how extensive is her empire over the hearts of men; how such dreams wither away before the facts and the reality; and he shows, though much too indistinctly, how these splendid and lofty conceptions attest the grandeur of the soul, and its incapacity to be satisfied with the glories only which earth can give. Thus he introduces the subject of the poem:—

"Wide Afric, doth thy sun
Lighten, thy hills unfold a city as fair
As those which starred the light of the elder world?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as these of ancient time?"

As in vision on the lonely mountain he asks this, suddenly there is "a move of whitening, blushing, ebbing life, a rustling of white wings," heralding the approach of a supernatural being, by whose presence his senses become endued with superhuman power. His senses become so thrillingly distinct that his eyes can even discern

"The moon's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights,
Unvisited with dew of fragrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows."

Then, in the supernatural excitation of the faculties, he beholds the grand city, whose fabled splendour had filled the imaginations of southern travellers, who in their wanderings could never attain to the bright gates:—

"Then, first within the sight, methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and crystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the imperial height
Of canopy o'er-canopied."

He sees a vision of such surpassing splendour that

"My human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell."

The seraph raises him up, and with a mournful smile, that compelled him to irresistible tears, spake, and tells him that he is the Spirit of the great Vine of Fable, which, with shadowing leaves and clusters, extends everywhere, "deep-rooted in the living soil of truth:—

"Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets of the city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagoda hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of ranged chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh, city! oh, latest throne! when I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon your brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink, and shiver into tents,
Black specks amid a waste of dreamy sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd barbarian settlements,
How changed from this fair city!"

"Thus far the Spirit:

Then parted heavenward on the wing; and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark."

The poem is certainly one of great power, and of very great originality. A story, however, is told, to the effect that the young poet obtained his gold medal by an accident. I have heard it something thus, but do not vouch for the authenticity. There were three examiners to decide on the merits of the different poems sent in for competition, more conversant about mathematics than poetry. Two of them, who knew nothing at all about poetry, looked up with great respect to the opinion of the third, who knew a little about it. This gentleman, being very much puzzled with a poem which differed in form and metre from every other prize poem which he ever contemplated, and being obliged to leave the University for a time, wrote on the manuscript, "Look at this," that his friends might not miss a little amusement. They only supposed, however, that this was the poem which he wished to indicate for the prize, and, without any further discussion, at once conferred it. We can quite understand that in the University itself, especially among contemporary undergraduates, the poem would excite the utmost attention, and enthusiastic friends would loudly asseverate that a new star of unequalled brightness had arisen in the literary firmament. Probably encouraged by this, the following year the young poet, then twenty-one, published in his own name a small volume, "Poems chiefly Lyrical," published by Mr. Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange. It is full of faults, which he has since discarded or modified, and of beauties, which he has since heightened, or which it is impossible to heighten. In this volume Mr. Tennyson shows his poetic genius in several fields which he has since more largely occupied. For instance, he gives us a single ballad, "The Ballad of Oriana," of which one stanza will serve as a specimen:—

"Oh! breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana!
Oh! pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana!
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek?
Oriana!"

It will be noticed that the name Oriana occurs constantly as a refrain, and in fact constitutes four lines out of the nine of which the stanza consists. This iteration, in the course of a ballad of any length, becomes wearisome. The ballad is a description of poetry most difficult and most rare of attainment; and where the ballad really becomes popular, its effect is immense. The author of "Lillibullero" used to boast that he had whistled King James the Second out of three kingdoms, and the old French monarchy was once called "a despotism tempered by songs." Mr. Tennyson, as a writer of songs and ballads, has never attained to the national popularity of Burns or Beranger. His later ballads—such as the "Lord of Burleigh," "Lady Clare," "Home they brought her warrior dead"—are characterized by exquisite melody and feeling, and it is noticeable that he has quite abandoned the exaggerated use of the refrain. Several young ladies make their appearance in the gallery of Tennysonian portraits—Lilian, Isabel, Adeline—a collection which has since received a plentiful addition. A line of Shakspeare's—"Mariana in the Moated Grange," appears to have suggested the best poem in the volume; with which, however, ought to be bracketed the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," which propitiated even the most savage of his literary censors, most skillfully appealing, as it does, to the never-failing pleasure which

attends such association of ideas. In this volume, also, he published a remarkable poem, not reprinted: "Supposed Confessions of a Sensitive Mind not in unity with itself." The lines are written in a vein of unhappy feeling. The sensitive mind is at this time very far from being at unity with itself.

"Oh, weary life! oh, weary death!
Oh, spirit and heart made desolate!"

Life is terrible, and death is terrible. The heart is restless and divided. Not here, at least, is there any mention of that heavenly peace which to every wearied and sin-burdened soul is offered in that gospel, which meets the needs alike of the loftiest and the humblest in the scale of intellect and knowledge, even peace through the full reconciliation with our heavenly Father, through the Saviour Christ. Thus, with saddest sweetness does the poet pour forth his aspiration to those pure and undoubting days of earliest life:—

"Would that my gloom'd fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propped on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listened to thy vows
For me outpoured in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy!—and beheld
Thy wild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining through."

In 1833 came out a small volume of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson. London: Edward Moxon"—a publisher to whom Mr. Tennyson has since steadily adhered. It exhibited a wonderful advance upon the previous volume, "Poems chiefly Lyrical." As a painter and musician, and in all artist-like power, Mr. Tennyson now stood pre-eminent; none could rival him in the finish of the picture or in the melody of the cadence. The beautiful poem of "The Miller's Daughter," and the first two parts of "The May Queen," exhibited his power in a new direction—that of painting English scenery, and the simple incidents of English home life. But this vein—though it added largely to his popularity—was only employed to a limited extent. Such poems as "Ænone," the "Lotos-Eaters," and the "Palace of Art," the gems of this volume, had their own circle of intense admirers; but they were too cold and classic for general readers.

In this collection, among the poems not reprinted is a very simple but very pretty piece, written after his return from a journey up the Rhine. It exactly describes the feeling with which, after a time of travel and excitement, the student returns to his books, his papers, and his quiet room, to relieve the past, and to devote himself to fresh themes. In this natural and unaffected mood he sings—

"O, darling room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite,
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.
"For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
Musical Lurrie; and between
The hills to Bingen have I been,
Bingen in Darmstadt, where the Rhene
Curves toward Mentz, a woody scene.
"Yet never did there meet my sight
In any town, to left or right,
A little room so exquisite,
With two such couches soft and white,
Not any room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write."

But Mr. Tennyson has extended his travels beyond the Rhine. Part of the poem of "Ænone" was written when he was living in the Pyrenees. Once, glancing in careless mood over a list of passengers in a ship from Portugal, we saw the name and title of the laureate.

The scenery of the north of England, of Wales, and Devonshire, has evidently been carefully studied. Some seasons ago, when we had been roaming among the Lakes, we heard of him there. In his pretty poem, "The Daisy," written in a metre which he has himself invented, at the conclusion of the volume of "Maud, and other Poems," he gives a rapid sketch of some travels—the Splügen, Como, Genoa, Florence, Parma, Milan:—

"O, Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the span, the gloom, the glory:
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!
How faintly-flush'd, how phantom fair
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys,
And snowy dells in a golden air."

We believe, however, that every year Mr. Tennyson travels forth, and has doubtless seen much of the most beautiful scenery, and many of the noblest cities in the world. One great capital, however, he has not, and will not see, for the sad memory of the dear lost friend of "In Memoriam" clings to it:—

"Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me;
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna.

"I have heard him say,

"That not in any mother town,
With statelier progress to and fro,
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown
"Of bushier leaves; nor more content
He told me, lives in any crowd
Where all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song in book and tent,
"Imperial halls, or open plain;
And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
The racket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain."

He gives also, in another poem, a very pretty and very accurate sketch of his own residence in the Isle of Wight:—

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown;
All round a careless-order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.
"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine;
And only hear the magpie gossip,
Garrulous under a roof of pine.
"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter stand;
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand.
"Where, if below the milky sleep,
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on, through zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away in the lonely deep—"

Some time ago, being in the Isle of Wight, I determined to take a peep at the poet's residence. It is situated near Freshwater Bay, but secluded from the public road. It so happened that the family was away from home, and also an opportunity was given me of seeing the place. It is a large and beautiful house, the very *beau idéal* of a poet's abode, and not only surrounded with all accessories of beauty, but with an air of substantial comfort, and even some degree of splendour. It appeared to us that considerable improvements were going on, and fresh land being taken in. Part of the grounds was laid out as a very large garden, and part as a wilderness. A private path led away up some downs of great loftiness, which, sea-ward, was abruptly terminated by perilous cliffs, from the top of which a noble view is commanded of the Channel waters. The quotations we have given describe all the details of the scenery with the utmost accuracy.

The progress of Mr. Tennyson in achieving his laurels, though sure, has been very slow. After the volume published in 1833, he continued silent for about nine years. At times he almost seems to have doubted of ultimate success. In a poem of much autobiographic interest, he thus speaks:—

"Half fearful that, with self at strife,
I take myself to task;
Lest of the fullness of my life
I leave an empty flask:
For I had hope by something rare
To prove myself a poet;
But while I plan, and plan, my hair
Is grey before I know it."

In 1842 his poems appeared, the first volume consisting of those which he had previously published, with many improvements, and some additions, the companion volume being of pieces entirely new. Those who think that fame is something easily achieved, should notice how Mr. Tennyson has devoted the labour and thoughtfulness of years to attain perfection in his art. We will venture to say that they will not find a single line which has not been sedulously examined again and again before it was finally allowed to stand. There is an utter freedom from the random expletives and careless epithets which so lavishly abound among second-rate poets. The poems have been touched and retouched continually. Here a word has been altered, and here a line omitted. Occasionally, one piece has been quietly withdrawn, and another substituted in its place. One poem has then been inserted, and then withdrawn, and then inserted again. The later editions have assumed a permanent form, and it is unlikely that there will be any further alteration. From the publication of the complete poems, dates Mr. Tennyson's decisive and substantial success. He has now completely mastered all the machinery of his art, and taken his place as essentially the poet of the nineteenth century. He now deals with the concrete instead of the abstract. He has almost entirely abandoned those eccentricities of language which have often marred a great author, but never made one. Instead of pictures and melodies, he now gives us character and incident, at the same time that the pictorial power and the melodious utterances continue. Instead of singing windy Ilium and Greek goddesses, and remote scenes of classic, romantic, and legendary story, his muse has become thoroughly English, and especially idyllic, subordinating thought, study, and travel to the illustrations of modes of feeling which are exhibited in English character, and where the scenery is laid on English ground. Such poems as "The Epic," "Locksley Hall," "The Gardener's Daughter," "The Talking Oak," "The Two Voices," at once charmed the English public, and their popularity has never begun to wane. Edition after edition of his works has appeared in rapid succession. A pension of £200 a-year was bestowed upon him; on the death of Wordsworth he was also appointed Poet Laureate, and, as such, enjoys a further pension and other advantages. Since then, he has produced "The Princess, a Medley," "Maud and other Poems," "In Memoriam," and "Idylls of the King."

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER VIII.—A WEDDING IN TEXAS.

"You'll come down to-morrow evening, Cap," said old Robins, who had for many years lived in Florida, but who had lately moved to Texas; "my darter's going to be married, and our folks want to have a little frolic."

"And you'll kill us a 'venison' too, won't you?"

"You're such a good hunter, you know, and will be sure to get us a nice fat one," said his wife.

As I was not going to be married myself, that I was aware of, I thought the next best thing, perhaps, was to see somebody else go through that interesting operation, and I was always glad of opportunities of seeing the customs of the country. I therefore at once accepted the old man's hearty invitation; nor could I do less, after the flattery, than promise the motherly old lady that I would see what I could do as to providing a fat deer to aid her in spreading the marriage feast.

I understood well enough the old lady's "soft sawder;" she evidently had no one just then that she could spare to send after a deer, and she was "cute" enough to know that on such an occasion I could not refuse, especially after such a gentle application of "soft soap;" and I determined that she should have a "venison," and a good one too. So I rode off that afternoon to a creek which I knew to be much frequented by the herds of prairie deer, for it was the month of August, and there was no water for miles, except that which could be found at intervals in the deep holes of this little stream, which often in the winter was a rushing torrent, and in the heat of summer almost dry, with the exception of the before-mentioned pools. It was nearly sundown when I shot a very nice "maiden doe," i.e., a doe which that season had proved barren, or had lost its fawn, and is generally, from either cause, very fat. Having cooked my supper, I prepared to pass the night—upon my blankets, with my saddle for a pillow—as I had spent many hundreds, under the clear starry sky of Texas—

"A bed nor comfortless nor new,
To one who took his rest when'er
The hour arrived, no matter where."

Before stretching myself for the night, I proceeded to put the head of the deer I had killed into a condition to serve me for a breakfast in the morning. As the process, I believe, is neither understood nor practised on this side the Atlantic, I will give the recipe, for the benefit of future cookery-book manufacturers. Having dug a hole about eighteen inches deep and about the same in diameter, with your hunting-knife, you rake some of the cinders from the fire at which your supper is preparing, to kindle another fire in what is to be your oven, and you build in and over this hole a large fire, which you allow to burn down gradually as you eat your supper, drink your coffee, and smoke—that luxury to the solitary hunter—a pipe. Then, before "turning in," all the fire is raked away, the cinders scratched out of the oven as well as possible, and some damp prairie grass laid at the bottom, upon which is placed the head, unskinned, and just as it is cut from the carcass; then more prairie grass is put over that, the cinders are brought back, and another fire is built over all. In the morning, after a bath in the creek, the ashes are removed, the head, beautifully baked, is brought to light, the skin peels off neatly, and there is upon a piece of bark before you a dish fit for the queen. First, there is some good picking on the jaws; then comes the tongue; and last, and daintiest of all, the brains, seasoned with red pepper and salt, and washed down with a tin mug of *café noir*, followed by a pipe. Such a repast leaves the hunter in the happiest frame, and makes him wish that "all the world and the rest of mankind" had laid as good a foundation for the pleasures or toils of the day as he has.

Soon after sunrise I was again in the saddle, on my way home, or rather to Robins' ranche, with my deer. The road lay for about a mile down the creek, close alongside the bushes and trees with which its banks were fringed. I had proceeded but a very little distance when

a stately stag stepped out from amongst the shrubs, and I had covered him with my rifle and pulled the trigger before I had reflected upon the manner in which I was to get him home. I heard the thud of the ball as it struck his hide, and saw him fall simultaneously almost. Had I had time for a moment's thought I should have spared him, but it was too late, and now all I had to do was to make the best of my bargain. I took out the entrails, cut off the head and neck close up to the shoulders, took of the legs below the knees and houghs, and so lightened the carcass as much as possible, then threw it up into my seat in the saddle, where I secured it firmly, the other deer being fastened, as is usual, behind the cantle of the saddle. Then, taking the rein from my horse over his head, I prepared to lead him, and to walk across the six or seven miles before me, over the hot prairie, under a burning August sun—no light punishment for my thoughtlessness; but, having killed the meat, it would have been a shame to waste it.

I received many thanks from Mrs. Robins for the venison, and, what was far more to the purpose with me, a large goblet of mint julep, which no doubt was delicious, could I have given myself time to taste it; but as it was, so baked and exhausted was I that I swallowed it too hastily almost to know of what it consisted, though I could see the mint. The kind old lady was good enough, however, to brew me another, which I consumed more decently and leisurely.

In the Southern States—and I suppose it is the same in the North—any clergyman or magistrate can perform the marriage ceremony at any hour or any place at which he is requested to officiate, if the parties are provided with a licence, the price of which is, I believe (for I never myself indulged in the luxury), three dollars.

The wedding usually takes place at the house of the bride's father, and the hour is generally seven in the evening. After the ceremony comes the supper, and after that, in some families, dancing—in others, prayers and a sermon. I have been a guest at several of each variety, but I attended one, or rather was present at one *ex officio*, and therefore feel no hesitation in describing it.

I was employed as a hunter upon a sugar plantation not a hundred miles from the Rio San Bernardo. There was a wedding between a distant connection of the planter's and a returned Californian. After the ceremony was over—performed by a Presbyterian minister—supper was announced, and, that concluded, we all were invited into the room to hear a portion of Scripture read and some remarks thereon. Strange as it may seem, the minister chose the parable of the barren fig-tree to read, and from the same chapter took his text. I have never been able to account for this very inappropriate selection, except in this way—that it was a sudden and unexpected request, and, not being prepared, he gave his last Sunday's sermon second-hand.

To return to the wedding which I proposed to describe, a judge was selected to tie the indissoluble knot. Upon my arrival I found some fifty or sixty guests assembled—planters, stock-raisers, doctors, lawyers, overseers and others, with their wives and daughters. All had ridden on horseback, as is the custom of the country. Much laughing was going on, and many a sly joke whispered amongst the younger folks, whilst the elder guests discussed some political question or a mint julep with equal gravity.

When all who were expected had arrived, the happy couple were united; the ceremony being very short and simple, the bridegroom being first asked, "Would he take this woman for his wife?" and he having signified his readiness to do so, a similar question was put to the bride,

and this being answered in the affirmative, they were pronounced to be man and wife—the whole affair not occupying, I should think, two minutes. After this, many glasses of whisky or other spirit (there being no wine) were emptied to the health of bride and bridegroom, preparatory to the good things awaiting the company in another building, which had been erected as a temporary supper and ball-room. A little later the fiddler was heard executing that lively tune, "The Arkansas Traveller," and soon, through his inspiring strains, the couples were seen joining in the merry dance.

My tramp across the prairie in the morning had somewhat fatigued me, and I preferred, with a cigar in my mouth, to enact the "wall-flower" for a time. From my half-dreamy state I was soon brought back by a deep voice, sounding in the air, as it appeared to me, for an instant, before I had collected myself, and, raising my eyes, I saw standing before me a tall gaunt man dressed in blue Kentucky jeans.

"Stranger," he began, "you don't seem overly peart. Why don't you pitch in?"

I informed my long friend that I had had a very hot walk, and did not feel at all in the mood for dancing.

"Wal, then," he replied, "let's go and 'fire up;' I feels kinder like a hot cinder myself, and want a squencher."

Whilst engaged in preparing our "squenchers," I was mentioned by name by our hostess, at which the tall man held out his hand, saying as he did so, "Wal, ain't that a caution, now? You're the chap I've often wanted to meet; they say you like hunting so much, you're allus at it; that's just my hand; I'd sooner hunt than eat; that are a fact. I've often heerd tell on you, and I'm mighty glad to make your acquaintance. My name is Rawson—Sim Rawson; I live up close agin Wharton, and I've got about the best team of cat dogs you ever saw amost. Come up and stay with me as long as ever you like. Just wont we stir up the 'painters' and catamounts, if you'll only come up and stop a spell in my diggins. I'll be right glad of your company, sure."

Thus commenced my intimacy with one of the best and most enthusiastic hunters in Texas, with whom, in after days, I spent many an exciting hour in the canebrakes and woods around his plantation.

Having pledged myself to visit him, we got into a long chat about horses, dogs, rifles, and hunting exploits, and it was not until some two or three hours had slipped by, that we slowly sauntered back to the ball-room, neither of us caring for this scene. We went in search of the elders of the party, who were seated out under the trees smoking, talking the inevitable political nonsense which is so necessary to Americans, and telling anecdotes. We were just in time to hear old Robins say, "Yes, sir, that was some considerable of a sarpent, sartain; but it ain't a circumstance to one in Florida as one of our soldiers came across. We wer out, sir, a scouting after them Seminole Injuns. Wal, sir, we was crossing a swamp, and some of the men were mighty careful stepping from one log to another to keep from wetting their feet; and one of them, sir, trod on what he thought wer a dead tree, as thick as my body it wer, sir, and he felt it go from under him, and he thought it wer only the log rolling, but it wer a snake sure enough. He gin one mighty screech and a jump, and when he looked round the sarpent wer gone. Some of the men laughed at him, and said he wer only frightened by a log turning under him; but he declared he was not mistook, and it's my belief too it were a snake. Gentlemen," continued the old fellow, "walk up to the sideboard when you feel drouthy. You'll find plenty of old peach brandy and

honey; there's some apple-jack and Monongahela whisky too; don't spare them if you like them; there's plenty more where they came from."

"Well," said a swarthy captain, who had been captured with Lopez at Cardenas in Cuba, but who had luckily for himself drawn a white bean on that fatal morning when the prisoners were decimated, and who afterwards was one of Walker's chiefs in his filibustering raid in Nicaragua, "I don't care if I do take a little Judge Cole."

"Judge Cole! how do you mean?" questioned one of the party. "Oh, it is called so after a judge who is rather partial to peach brandy."

Soon after this the party began to break up, as all had some distance to go, houses not being very thickly placed in the backwoods of Texas, where people living five miles away are considered near neighbours—just across the street, in fact. On this occasion many had to go twenty or thirty miles after their frolic. All had enjoyed themselves as best suited them; yet, with the exception of one northern lieutenant of the U. S. Navy, I saw no approach to inebriety.

At last, seeing many of the gallants engaged in bringing up their fair partners' steeds, I thought it time for me to be off too; so I bridled "The Storm," leaving my more youthful friends to enjoy their moonlight ride home.

ECCENTRICITIES OF EELS AND CARP.

STORIES have been told of eels migrating from one piece of water to another, of their having been met with working their way through the wet grass in the early morning; and though I have never seen anything of the kind myself, I am not prepared to deny the possibility or even the probability of their doing so; for not only are they able to live a long time out of the water, but they can work their way along the ground very briskly; indeed, their powers of progression are so great, that the difficulty of restraining them has passed into a proverb. A remarkable circumstance, however, connected with a piece of water which I have known all my life, rather favours the notion that eels do not migrate, though it is by no means conclusive on the point.

It is a very extensive piece of water, having an awkward habit of drying up occasionally, which makes it a very unsatisfactory habitation for fish. These dryings up have been much more frequent of late years than they used to be; for in former times, though subject to periodical shrinkings, the "mere" in question was much more steady in its habits.

Now, my grandmother was very fond of eels, and thought that she would like to have some of her own. Accordingly, she had some put into the water at different times; but, strange to say, not one was ever caught. Stranger still, when the mere did dry up for the first time in the memory of man (about fifty years ago), though large numbers of other fish were taken, there were no eels among them. There were pike, to be sure; and therefore it is possible that they may have eaten the eels; but still, it would be strange if they were the only species exterminated in that manner.

When the water returned, no steps were taken for restocking it, and the next time it dried up (now thirty years ago), there was not a bone or a scale to be found. The mere, however, filled again, and this time it was stocked with fish, which grew and multiplied prodigiously; still, as no eels were put in, it was no wonder that none were found among the vast numbers of fish of various kinds which were taken out on the next occasion of its drying up.

It filled again, was again stocked (no eels being put in), and again dried up; but this time, to my great surprise, as I was riding over the dry bed inspecting the melancholy debris of dead fish, I saw the body of a huge eel, as thick as my wrist. Where did it come from? It is possible that it may have been put in unknowingly in the water which contained other fish; but then it must have grown at a most enormous rate, to have reached the size which I have mentioned. And if the pike are to be held responsible for the disappearance of its predecessors, there had been pike enough on this occasion to dispose of him in a similar manner. Where did he come from, and what became of his predecessors? When the surface was dried, had they kept below in the damp mud? I do not pretend to answer these questions, but merely mention two curious facts with regard to eels, which, though they may be accounted for from other causes, are certainly not unfavourable to the doctrine of their migration.

In order for fish to be able to migrate with any comfort from pond to pond, unconnected by ditch or rivulet, it is obvious that they require to be possessed of two faculties—that of living out of water for a considerable time, and that of progression on solid ground; and as the eel possesses both of them in a high degree, it is he to whom the habit of overland migration is generally attributed, although other species have been occasionally suspected of it. Fish are such unaccountable, not to say uncanny beings, that the strangest freaks are attributed to them by persons not acquainted with their habits; nor is this to be wondered at, for they sometimes play pranks that will puzzle even those who know them best. For instance, the carp, which, though it can live long out of the water, is very slow, not to say uncertain and fatuous in its progression on solid ground, has been known to disappear from an inclosed pond, and, after a time, to reappear.

I knew a gentleman who had an old-fashioned oblong fish-pond in his garden; it stands in the grounds of an ancient priory (and for ought I know, may have formed the stew of the prior and his monks in olden time), the level green sward which surrounds it sloping down suddenly to the water at a pitch up which it would puzzle any fish to wriggle.

This pond was swarming with carp, which used to come at their master's whistle (but quære whether fish can hear), and gratefully gobble up pieces of bread which he threw to them. It was a frequent amusement of the worthy squire (now, alas! no more) to visit and feed his scaly pets; and his vexation may be imagined when, making a call one morning at the pond, he found it empty; not a fish came to his whistle, the crumbs were scattered in vain; not a fin appeared above the surface, not a tail wagged. Instead of the usual swarm of grave, dark-visaged, mustachioed carp, gravely fighting for the biggest piece of bread, there was perfect stillness, and the crumbs drifted away before the wind, or sank to the bottom undisturbed.

The first and most natural suspicion was that poachers had been at work; but still, it was strange that they had made so clean a sweep as to have left none behind them; that there were no weeds or mud on the bank, to show where the net had been drawn out; that the level green sward showed no prints of the iron heels of men hauling their prize on shore. Inquiries were set on foot with a view to finding out the guilty parties, but it was all vain, no trace could be found of either fish or poachers; and the latter, whoever they might be, were credited with having committed a crime, one of the most thorough and cleverly conducted of its kind, that had ever been known.

But the strangest part of the story is yet to come.

Two years afterwards, my friend, passing by the pond, found it full of fine well-grown carp, which came to his whistle, and fed at his hand as of old. There they were again, beyond all doubt; but what had become of them during the interval? Hibernation will not account for it, unless that term may be taken to include "æstivation" as well—a plain contradiction in terms: poachers were equally out of the question; for, though they might have taken the fish away, they most certainly would not have brought them back again; and the only possible explanation of this curious fact is, that the fish must have sulked, as it were, for two years—though this is a most inordinately long time for a fit of the sulks to have lasted. As for emigration and return, they are entirely out of the question; for, though it may be possible for eels to wriggle their way up a bank, and through wet grass from one pond to another, yet no one who has ever seen carp "walloping" aimlessly about on the ground, could by any possibility bring himself to believe that a whole pondful of them could agree to leave their home, travel across a garden, go on a pleasure excursion for two years, and then return safe and sound to their old haunts, when they had seen as much as they desired of the world beyond.

I believe that somewhat similar instances of the mysterious disappearance and reappearance of fish are on record; but I am not aware that they have been accounted for in a more satisfactory way than on the theory of a fit of the sulks.

"I got a rare scolding once for catching of an eel," said a servant one day, *à propos* with an itinerant fishmonger having called with a basket of eels. "How was that?" I asked, "Well, you see," she answered, "I was living along of my sister, and they had some meadows that went down right to the river, and the men were mudding out the river, and there were heaps of eels, and we had eels for dinner most every day, and I was down in the meadows after the cows, and seeing something bustling in the grass, I pounced upon it, and it was a great eel, I should think a yard long. So I put it in my apron, cuddled it up in that, and took it to the house. But my sister gave me a rare scolding, I warrant you; for there were a number of snakes about, and I was quite a child, and did not know anything about them, and might just as well have laid hold of a snake as of an eel."

AMERICAN NOTABLES.

SKETCHED BY DR. RUSSELL OF THE "TIMES."

In our last number we gave some of Dr. Russell's portraits of the most prominent men in the Northern States. We now give some of his sketches of Southern notables, commencing with the President of the Confederate States, whom he first saw at Montgomery, in Alabama.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

May 9, 1861.—To-day the papers contain a proclamation by the President of the Confederate States of America, declaring a state of war between the Confederacy and the United States, and notifying the issue of letters of marque and reprisal. I went out with Mr. Wigfall in the forenoon to pay my respects to Mr. Jefferson Davis at the State Department. Mr. Seward told me that but for Jefferson Davis the Secession plot could never have been carried out. No other man of the party had the brain, or the courage and dexterity, to bring it to a successful issue. All the persons in the Southern States spoke of him with admiration, though their forms of speech and thought generally forbid them to be respectful to any one.

There before me was "Jeff. Davis' State Department"—a large brick building, at the corner of a street, with a Confederate flag floating above it. The door stood open, and

"gave" on a large hall whitewashed, with doors plainly painted belonging to small rooms, in which was transacted most important business, judging by the names written on sheets of paper and applied outside, denoting bureaux of the highest functions. A few clerks were passing in and out, and one or two gentlemen were on the stairs, but there was no appearance of any bustle in the building.

We walked straight up-stairs to the first-floor, which was surrounded by doors opening from a quadrangular platform. On one of these was written simply, "The President." Mr. Wigfall went in, and after a moment returned and said, "The President will be glad to see you; walk in, sir." When I entered, the President was engaged with four gentlemen, who were making some offer of aid to him. He was thanking them "in the name of the Government." Shaking hands with each, he saw them to the door, bowed them and Mr. Wigfall out, and turning to me said, "Mr. Russell, I am glad to welcome you here, though I fear your appearance is a symptom that our affairs are not quite prosperous," or words to that effect. He then requested me to sit down close to his own chair at his office-table, and proceeded to speak on general matters, advertising to the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and asking questions about Sebastopol, the Redan, and the Siege of Lucknow.

I had an opportunity of observing the President very closely: he did not impress me as favourably as I had expected, though he is certainly a very different looking man from Mr. Lincoln. He is like a gentleman—has a slight, light figure, little exceeding middle height, and holds himself erect and straight. He was dressed in a rustic suit of slate-coloured stuff, with a black silk handkerchief round his neck: his manner is plain, and rather reserved and drastic; his head is well formed, with a fine full forehead, square and high, covered with innumerable fine lines and wrinkles, features regular, though the cheek-bones are too high, and the jaws too hollow to be handsome; the lips are thin, flexible, and curved, the chin square, well defined; the nose very regular, with wide nostrils; and the eyes deep set, large and full—one seems nearly blind, and is partly covered with a film, owing to excruciating attacks of neuralgia and tic. Wonderful to relate, he does not chew, and is neat and clean-looking, with hair trimmed, and boots brushed. The expression of his face is anxious; he has a very haggard, care-worn, and pain-drawn look, though no trace of anything but the utmost confidence and the greatest decision could be detected in his conversation. He asked me some general questions respecting the route I had taken in the States.

I mentioned that I had seen great military preparations through the South, and was astonished at the alacrity with which the people sprang to arms. "Yes, sir," he remarked, and his tone of voice and manner of speech are rather remarkable for what are considered Yankee peculiarities. "In Europe" (Mr. Seward also indulges in that pronunciation) "they laugh at us because of our fondness for military titles and displays. All your travellers in this country have commented on the number of generals, and colonels, and majors all over the States. But the fact is, we are a military people, and these signs of the fact were ignored. We are not less military because we have had no great standing armies. But perhaps we are the only people in the world where gentlemen go to a military academy who do not intend to follow the profession of arms."

In the course of our conversation, I asked him to have the goodness to direct that a sort of passport or protection should be given to me, as I might possibly fall in with some guerilla leader on my way northward, in whose eyes I might not be entitled to safe conduct. Mr. Davis said, "I shall give such instructions to the Secretary of War as shall be necessary. But, sir, you are among civilized, intelligent people who understand your position, and appreciate your character. We do not seek the sympathy of England by unworthy means, for we respect ourselves, and we are glad to invite the scrutiny of men into our acts; as for our motives, we meet the eye of Heaven." I thought I could judge from his words that he had the highest idea of the French as soldiers, but that his feelings and associations were more identified with England, although he was quite aware of the difficulty of conquering the repugnance which exists to slavery.

Mr. Davis made no allusion to the authorities at Washington, but he asked me if I thought it was supposed in England there would be war between the two States? I answered, that I was under the impression the public thought there would be no actual hostilities. "And yet you see we are driven to take up arms for the defence of our rights and liberties."

As I saw an immense mass of papers on his table, I rose and made my bow, and Mr. Davis, seeing me to the door, gave me his hand and said, "As long as you may stay among us you shall receive every facility it is in our power to afford to you, and I shall always be glad to see you."

Colonel Wigfall then conducted Dr. Russell to introduce him to some of the President's ministers.

MR. WALKER, SECRETARY-AT-WAR.

We found Mr. Walker closeted with General Beauregard and two other officers, in a room full of maps and plans. He is the kind of man generally represented in our types of a "Yankee," tall, lean, straight-haired, angular, with fiery, impulsive eyes and manner—a ruminator of tobacco, and a profuse spitter—a lawyer, I believe, certainly not a soldier; ardent, devoted to the cause, and confident to the last degree of its speedy success.

MR. BENJAMIN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

From this room I proceeded to the office of Mr. Benjamin, the Attorney-General of the Confederate States, the most brilliant perhaps of the whole of the famous Southern orators. He is a short, stout man, with a full face, olive-coloured, and most decidedly Jewish features, with the brightest large black eyes, one of which is somewhat diverse from the other, and a brisk, lively, agreeable manner, combined with much vivacity of speech and quickness of utterance. He is one of the first lawyers or advocates in the United States, and had a large practice at Washington, where his annual receipts from his profession were not less than £8000 to £10,000 a year. But his love of the card-table rendered him a prey to older and cooler hands, who waited till the sponge was full at the end of the session, and then squeezed it to the last drop.

Mr. Benjamin is the most open, frank, and cordial of the Confederates whom I have yet met. In a few seconds he was telling me all about the course of government with respect to privateers and letters of marque and reprisal, in order probably to ascertain what were our views in England on the subject. I observed it was likely the North would not respect their flag, and would treat their privateers as pirates. "We have an easy remedy for that. For any man under our flag whom the authorities of the United States dare to execute, we shall hang two of their people." "Suppose, Mr. Attorney-General, England, or any of the great powers which decreed the abolition of privateering, refuses to recognise your flag?" "We intend to claim, and do claim, the exercise of all the rights and privileges of an independent sovereign State, and any attempt to refuse us the full measure of those rights would be an act of hostility to our country." "But if England, for example, declared your privateers were pirates?" "As the United States never admitted the principle laid down at the Congress of Paris, neither have the Confederate States. If England thinks fit to declare privateers under our flag pirates, it would be nothing more or less than a declaration of war against us, and we must meet it as best we can." In fact, Mr. Benjamin did not appear afraid of anything; but his confidence respecting Great Britain was based a good deal, no doubt, on his firm faith in cotton, and in England's utter subjection to her cotton interest and manufactures. "All this coyness about acknowledging a slave power will come right at last. We hear our commissioners have gone on to Paris, which looks as if they had met with no encouragement at London: but we are quite easy in our minds on this point at present."

In the afternoon he attended a levée, or reception, held by the President's wife.

MRS. DAVIS.

The modest villa in which the President lives is painted white—another "White House"—and stands in a small garden. The door was open. A coloured servant took in our names, and Mr. Browne presented me to Mrs. Davis, whom I could just make out in the *demi-jour* of a moderately-sized parlour, surrounded by a few ladies and gentlemen, the former in bonnets, the latter in morning dress *à la midi*. There was no affectation of state or ceremony in the reception. Mrs. Davis, whom some of her friends call "Queen Varina," is a comely,

sprightly woman, verging on matronhood, of good figure and manners, well-dressed, ladylike, and clever, and she seemed a great favourite with those around her, though I did hear one of them say, "It must be very nice to be the President's wife, and be the first lady in the Confederate States." Mrs. Davis, whom the President C. S. married *en secondes nocces*, exercised considerable social influence in Washington, where I met many of her friends. She was just now inclined to be angry, because the papers contained a report that a reward was offered in the North for the head of the arch rebel Jeff Davis. "They are quite capable, I believe," she said, "of such acts." There were not more than eighteen or twenty persons present, as each party came in and staid only for a few moments, and, after a time, I made my bow and retired, receiving from Mrs. Davis an invitation to come in the evening, when I would find the President at home.

Next evening Dr. Russell paid a visit to Mr. Slidell, afterwards appointed one of the Commissioners of the Confederate States, whose capture on his way to Europe in the "Trent," nearly involved England in war.

AN EVENING AT MR. SLIDELL'S.

I found Mr. Slidell at home with his family, Mrs. Slidell and her sister, Madame Beauregard, wife of the general, two very charming young ladies, daughters of the house, and a parlour full of fair companions, engaged, as hard as they could, in carding lint with their fair hands. Among the company was Mr. Slidell's son, who had just travelled from school at the North, under a feigned name, in order to escape violence at the hands of the Union mobs which are said to be insulting and outraging every Southern man. The conversation, as is the case in most creole domestic circles, was carried on in French. I rarely met a man whose features have a greater *finesse* and firmness of purpose than Mr. Slidell's; his keen grey eye is full of life, his thin, firmly-set lips indicate resolution and passion. Mr. Slidell, though born in a Northern state, is perhaps one of the most determined disunionists in the Southern confederacy; he is not a speaker of note, nor a ready stump orator, nor an able writer; but he is an excellent judge of mankind, adroit, persevering, and subtle, full of device, and fond of intrigue; one of those men, who, unknown almost to the outer world, organizes and sustains a faction, and exalts it into the position of a party—what is called here a "wire-puller." Mr. Slidell is to the South something greater than Mr. Thurlow Weed has been to his party in the North. He, like every one else, is convinced that recognition must come soon; but, under any circumstances, he is quite satisfied the government and independence of the Southern confederacy are as completely established as those of any power in the world. Mr. Slidell and the members of his family possess *naïveté*, good sense, and agreeable manners; and the regrets I heard expressed in Washington society, at their absence, had every justification.

At Charleston, early in the war, Dr. Russell saw

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

I went over and saw General Beauregard at his quarters. He was busy with papers, orderlies, and despatches, and the outer room was crowded with officers. His present task, he told me, was to put Sumter in a state of defence, and to disarm the works bearing on it, so as to get their fire directed on the harbour approaches, as "the North in its madness" might attempt a naval attack on Charleston. His manner of transacting business is clear and rapid. Two vases filled with flowers on his table, flanking his maps and plans, and a little hand bouquet of roses, geraniums, and scented flowers lay on a letter which he was writing as I came in, by way of paper weight. He offered me every assistance and facility, relying, of course, on my strict observance of a neutral's duty. I reminded him once more, that as the representative of an English journal, it would be my duty to write freely to England respecting what I saw; and that I must not be held accountable if on the return of my letters to America, a month after they were written, it was found they contained information to which circumstances might attach an objectionable character. The General said, "I quite understand you. We must take our chance of that, and leave you to exercise your discretion."

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON THE

COLOURED PICTURE SCHEME.

"The conductors of these works have added a new attraction to their otherwise attractive publications, in the shape of coloured engravings. The pictures are all very beautiful specimens of the new art of colour-printing—'Luther Carried Off' being one of the best engravings of this class that we have met with, both as respects the drawing and the colour of the figures and the landscape. This worthy attempt to popularize good pictures, by reproducing them in colour, cannot fail to increase the reputation of these magazines."—*Western Daily Press*.

"We are pleased to notice the energy with which these two most deserving periodicals are being conducted. In addition to well written, choice, and highly instructive matter, and the high moral tone that always prevails in the columns of these journals, coloured prints are now presented with both periodicals monthly, and are got up in a really clever style. The numbers and prints for January and February are now before us, and we must confess that for the small price charged for them, they are wonderful productions. We cordially commend them to the notice of our readers."—*Berks Advertiser*.

"The Religious Tract Society has inaugurated a new era with their serials. Taking advantage of the remission of paper duty and the advancement of the fine arts, they have enlarged their two leading serials, 'The Leisure Hour' and 'Sunday at Home,' and greatly improved their contents and general getting up. The result of these changes last year increased the sales, previously very large, to a still much higher point of numbers; and for the new year they have added further improvements, and resolved on issuing a large coloured plate with each monthly part of the two serials."—*Wesleyan Times*.

"These always attractive publications are rendered additionally so by the new feature of coloured illustrations which has been added with the new year, and of these the specimens we have seen are of a kind to raise even the high character of these popular periodicals."—*Brighton Examiner*.

"These old favourites have been improving the last two years, until we think they are incapable of any further advance at the price they are published at. Through the courtesy of the publishers we have been favoured with proofs of the coloured pictures for the February parts—the 'Woodcutter and Dog,' and 'Luther conveyed to Wartburg.' How such works of art can be afforded at the price of a penny each is a marvel, even in this day of cheap printing. The one in the 'Sunday at Home' for January, of which the subject is 'The Prince of Wales at Machpelah,' is especially worthy of high commendation: it is executed by Kronheim and Co., a firm unsurpassed in this particular department of the printing trade. We recommend both these publications strongly for family reading; they form a good sixpennyworth."—*Derby Gazette*.

"A new feature in both these publications is the issue of coloured pictures with the monthly parts, which must prove a great attraction to the already numerous readers of these very excellent family periodicals. These pictures display great excellence in the art of producing coloured copies of costly pictures at so low a price."—*Doncaster Chronicle*.

"We know of no publications more admirable than these. In point of letter-press, woodcuts, and literary excellence, they are of a highly superior order, and well deserve the immense popularity which they have achieved. The contents of both these monthly issues are of the most varied kind. Their contributors are some of the most able men of the day, and there is no class of persons but might derive instruction as well as interest from these pages. The coloured pictures given with each part are no mere common sketches or cheap engravings, but are copies of the best pictures in the highest style of art. The pictures alone are worth the sixpence charged for the parts, and will no doubt be framed and hung on his walls by many a cottager; and we have no doubt this enterprising step will largely increase the circulation of these already popular publications."—*Stroud Journal*.

"We observe a new feature has been introduced into these excellent periodicals, and one which cannot fail to lend them a vast additional attraction. We allude to the introduction of coloured pictures by way of frontispiece to each monthly part. They are most artistically got up; and with the other illustrations and excellent reading matter of these publications, we should imagine a great additional circulation must be attained."—*Glasgow Sentinel*.

"The coloured plate representing 'The Prince of Wales at Machpelah' is beautifully got up in colours, and is alone worth the cost of the whole number."—*Rotherham Advertiser*.

"The design of the publishers is a most comprehensive and bold one—namely, to furnish for every home, pictures in colours of some of the finest paintings of our greatest artists; thus familiarizing the people with the grandest works of the painter's skill. We believe it was not possible to venture on such a scheme till now, and not now except by the conductors of publications of assured reputation, like those before us. We do not doubt success, looking at the specimens here presented. The pictures are really beautiful, perfect as to art details, and grand in colouring. We admit some degree of surprise with the colours, it is so seldom we find so much brightness, without gaudiness or

glare. We congratulate publishers and readers on the scheme thus set afoot; and deem it another proof that what is good in literature will most assuredly supersede and destroy what is trashy or positively bad."—*Halifax Courier*.

"The samples of this new style of illuminated supplements cannot but greatly enhance the value of the works."—*Newry Telegraph*.

"These old favourites begin the year with an additional attraction. Each of the monthly parts has a coloured picture, done in beautiful style. Of the religious value of these admirable periodicals there can be no doubt; of the literary excellence we have as little. No hesitation can be felt in recommending them. We wish a copy were taken in every home in Britain. They are as cheap as most of the rubbish that finds so ready a sale, and infinitely more wholesome."—*Hastings News*.

"These coloured illustrations are spirited in execution and rich in artistic effect, nor can it be doubted that a series of such additions to the illustrative designs which are interspersed through the pages of both these highly-instructive periodicals, will enhance materially the welcome which they have so long received at the hands of the public."—*Brighton Times*.

"To each monthly part there is a frontispiece got out in the very best style of chromo-lithography, and which alone seems worth the entire cost of the magazine. The first two 'Leisure Hour' subjects are excellent. 'The Prince of Wales at the Cave of Machpelah,' in the January number of 'The Sunday at Home,' brings this interesting episode in the Prince's travels before us with gorgeous vividness; and the engraving to the next part, 'Luther carried off to Wartburg,' is equally brilliant in colouring, but the scene seems a little too tropical for Germany. In other departments of the magazines a manifest improvement is exhibited."—*Peterborough Advertiser*.

"A new feature has been introduced into these works which will, we are sure, prove such attractive accessories as to add greatly to their popularity, notwithstanding the addition of a penny per month in price. We allude to the plan of producing coloured copies of costly pictures from time to time, in addition to the usual variety of woodcuts."—*Stockport Advertiser*.

"The two works now before us continue as attractive as ever."—*Maidstone Telegraph*.

"A new feature is the introduction of a coloured picture in each monthly part. We are surprised not only at the effect, but the detailed beauty of these illustrations. A few years ago one of these would have been worth the price of the whole part, and even now the cost of production must be very considerable. 'The Prince of Wales at Machpelah,' in 'The Sunday at Home,' is more like an expensive painting than an engraving in a cheap publication."—*Newcastle Guardian*.

"The most unqualified praise should be awarded to the Religious Tract Society for raising these periodicals to their present high standard. . . . The illustrations in both periodicals must not be passed over without a word of praise; they are, indeed, exceedingly well 'got up.' We may mention that one of the illustrations is a representation of the Prince of Wales and his future bride, and that another is the parting of Lord and Lady William Russell. The coloured engravings which are presented, for the first time, with the January parts, are handsomely prepared. We wish both of these publications every success."—*Whitchurch News*.

"The January part of 'this marvel of cheap literature' commences a new volume. We will not stay to inquire by what magical process so much sound literature—so carefully printed and so admirably illustrated—can be published at the price, but at once give the present number the same superlative commendation for excellence it has been our pleasure so frequently to bestow on its long line of predecessors. 'The Leisure Hour' is to be commended for the moral influence it exercises. The attractiveness it possesses alike fits it for the drawing-room of the wealthy, and makes it welcomed in the abode of the lowly. Notwithstanding the opinion previously formed that this approached nearer perfection than any other periodical, the proprietors were not so satisfied, and have therefore commenced a series of engravings, printed in colours. The first, representing 'Napoleon and the Sailor,' illustrative of Campbell's poem, and copied from a painting by John Gilbert, is a sixpennyworth of itself, even in these days of cheapness. Success must attend a publication which is thus continually animated by a liberal proprietary. . . . 'The Sunday at Home' is one of the best domestic religious works published."—*Midweek Chronicle*.

"The January part of 'The Leisure Hour' is replete with articles alike interesting and instructive. The 'Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington' will be perused with deep interest. 'Adventures in Texas' forms a good readable article; while 'African Hunting' (from Natal to the Zambesi) abounds in 'moving accidents by flood and field.' 'The Franklins; or, the Story of a Convict,' is a thrilling tale. A new feature of coloured engravings has been introduced, the style and execution being such as will command patronage. This plan is one which we hope will experience a due meed of encouragement, tending as it does to foster a taste for art among the general community."—*Maldern Advertiser*.

"A new feature, that of chromo-printing some of the whole page illustrations is introduced with much increase of effect."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"The coloured illustrations are of a superior character: they are copies of costly pictures, and alone worth, for the scrap-book or for framing, all the money charged for the publications. We can only hope that the spirited publishers will meet with such an increased sale as will compensate them for so great an outlay. Certainly the publications deserve all the support our readers can give them."—*Edgeware Chronicle*.

"The new feature has added very much to the attractiveness of these interesting and instructive serials. A fresh career of prosperity must be the result of this enterprise."—*Blackburn Standard*.

"The first picture in the 'Sunday at Home' is quite a gem, radiant with light and beauty; the second is scarcely inferior; indeed, might have been pronounced perfect, had not Luther's right eye been slightly discoloured."—*Cumberland and Westmoreland Advertiser*.

"The design of these coloured pictures is very liberal, and is fitly carried out. The specimens are coloured with great effect and exactness, and are worked with unusual care. These periodicals, however, scarcely needed any addition to their attractions to make them acceptable to the public, seeing that they were already among the cheapest and best emanations of the periodical press."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

"We have watched with interest the above publications, and have derived pleasure from the fact of their continued prosperity. We are not astonished to have further proof of the enterprising spirit of those who control the affairs of the publications in question. The coloured illustrations are not what the price of the publications might warrant us in expecting—doubtless, but are executed in a really first-class style."—*Royal Cornwall Gazette*.

"Two monthlies of high literary merit. We have seen two specimens of each series of the pictures, and can pronounce them admirable. The drawing is good, the colours are rich and well harmonised, and the nature-painting is true to life. The winter scene, 'The Woodman and his Dog,' from Cowper's 'Task,' is remarkable for sober effectiveness in a very difficult branch of study."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

"We really cannot imagine how the coloured pictures can be produced at the price. We heartily recommend these two magazines, useful as they must be either in filling up a 'Leisure Hour,' or in spending a 'Sunday at Home.'"—*Renfrewshire Independent*.

"Each plate is a work of great artistic merit."—*Monmouthshire Merlin*.

"The pictures, which are beautifully executed, bear testimony to the advance which art is making as an agent in the work of popular entertainment and instruction. The visit of the Prince of Wales to Machpelah is the subject of a rich and effective Oriental scene; and the other specimens of historical and poetical illustration are meritorious as pictures, and wonderful as specimens of cheap lithography. In both publications there is a great deal of interesting and profitable reading."—*Edinburgh Evening Courant*.

"The 'Prince of Wales at Machpelah' is a beautiful picture, the shades and tints being nicely brought out; but 'Luther carried off to the Wartburg' is, we think, the best of the whole. We are surprised that it can be produced so cheaply. By the means which this cheap series affords every cottager will be enabled to adorn the walls of his domicile, if not with the works of the great masters, at least with excellent copies of them. Considering the great expense entailed in the production of these pictures, we heartily wish the publications what they deserve—an enlarged circulation."—*Ayrshire Express*.

"The new feature of coloured illustrations adds greatly to the attractions of these periodicals."—*Church Review*.

"We are at a loss to know how such beautifully coloured copies of costly pictures can be produced cheap enough to enable the publishers of the above-named serials to offer them to their subscribers at so low a charge."—*Radnorshire Observer*.

"This enterprise and liberality on the part of the publishers must add greatly to the popularity of their publications; and we may state that so much were we taken with 'Napoleon and the English Sailor,' and the 'Prince of Wales at Machpelah,' that we are getting both framed to flank a very fine proof engraving which has been hanging for some time unsupported in our parlour. We recommend others to do the same: in nice gilt frames they will shame many more costly works of art."—*Stirling Observer*.

"These engravings are just what might have been expected to be published in such excellent works, and they have been admirably executed."—*Wiltshire Independent*.

"These coloured pictures are got up in capital style, and considerably enhance the value of the publication to the purchaser. The low price at which they are given, in connection with these really interesting publications, cannot but give an increased stimulus to the already extensive demand."—*Guernsey Comet*.

"The Religious Tract Society deserves praise for the marked improvement that they have recently made in their two leading monthly periodicals."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

"The introduction of beautiful coloured engravings greatly enhances their attractiveness and value. The specimens before us are executed with effectiveness and taste, and the contents of each part are of the usual excellence, abounding in instruction of the most valuable character."—*Northern Ensign*.

"In addition to the well-known characteristics of these ably-conducted periodicals, a new feature has been imparted to them by the introduction of coloured illustrations, which we have no doubt will be appreciated as they deserve by the wide circle of readers into whose hands they will fall. They are beautifully

got up in every respect, and representing, as they do, scenes and events of interest, would serve equally well to decorate the walls of a cottage, or the pages of a drawing-room scrap-book."—*Chesham Journal*.

"There is nothing dull or dry in either publication, and additional attractions in the form of coloured illustrations are given to each work. The drawing of each print is first-rate, and the colouring excellent."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"If we may judge from the four beautifully executed specimens we have before us, this department will form one of the most attractive features of these periodicals."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"These coloured illustrations make the publications a still greater marvel of cheapness. They are really exquisite specimens of art."—*The Dial*.

"The 'Woodman and his Dog,' from Cowper, is now before us. It is a chromo-lithograph of real beauty and effect, and the enterprise which prompts the scheme is worthy of the liberality which marks all the appointments of the magazine. The 'Sunday at Home' pictures will doubtless decorate the walls of many a cottage home."—*Westmoreland Gazette*.

"So far as periodical literature is concerned, the publishers of these serials appear to be resolved on carrying the art of pictorial illustration to its highest state of excellence. These chromatic embellishments are life-like and natural, and must considerably enhance their value. It is an indication of its immense circulation that their publishers are enabled to give a valuable picture at the mere nominal price of one penny—the only addition made to the cost of the monthly parts. We expect to see these pictures taking the place of the old coloured dubs in thousands of the 'buts' and 'bens' of our artisans and humbler agricultural countrymen."—*Banner of Ulster*.

"The February picture ('The Woodman') is a little gem, worthy of being preserved in any folio. The marvel is that they are got out so cheaply, for the only increase in price is one penny per part, and even the picture alone can be obtained for a penny. We have no doubt that the publishers' efforts will be thoroughly appreciated, and that 'The Leisure Hour' will become more popular than ever, for through it the poor man will be put into possession of a picture gallery of considerable value, at but small cost to himself."—*Twynbridge Wells Gazette*.

"A collection of prints like these will form a valuable folio of biblical, historical, and missionary illustrations. It is a matter of congratulation that the Religious Tract Society is endeavouring to keep pace with the spirit of the times."—*Northampton Herald*.

"These publications form a valuable addition to the literature of any home. The coloured illustrations will give great additional value to the works. Thanks are due to the Society for this efficient step towards familiarizing the public with art in its most attractive forms."—*Beehive*.

"We cannot speak in too high terms of these two excellent serials. The editorial and pictorial departments are all that could be desired. A new feature has been introduced, and a very attractive one it is—namely, a coloured frontispiece, illustrative of a subject in the text in each monthly part."—*Liverpool Mail*.

"Admirable publications, sound and cheerful in tone, and interesting and instructive in matter. The value of these serials will be further enhanced this year by the issue of a coloured illustration with each monthly part. Those now before us are finely executed."—*Newry Herald*.

"A few months will show how much artistic beauty may be had by the public for a trifling cost, owing to the enterprising spirit of the conductors, who seem determined to introduce first-rate works of art. 'The Prince of Wales at Machpelah' is in all respects an effective production, combining all the richness of an Oriental picture with a softness and delicacy of finish most agreeable to the eye. The introduction of this attractive kind of embellishment will doubtless be very generally approved."—*St. Pancras News*.

"We have seen but few finer pictorial illustrations of the kind, and they must greatly increase the value of the works with which they are associated, and which, no doubt, will henceforth attain a still more extended circulation."—*South London Chronicle*.

"The 'Leisure Hour' still retains all the freshness and interest of its earliest numbers. The new feature seems to be peculiarly qualified to win for it a still larger circulation. We have no doubt that the coloured pictures will speedily become highly popular, inasmuch as they are adapted to many other uses than that of ornamentation of 'The Leisure Hour.' If the subscribers should be so minded. They would make a charming portfolio, apart from the letter-press, and for screens or other similar purposes cannot be excelled either in respect of appropriateness of design, or their skill and beauty as works of art. The idea of these coloured illustrations is a very happy one, and cannot fail to add to the reputation of the periodical."—*Cumberland Paequet*.

"Specimen plates have been forwarded. They are well got up, exhibiting marks of great skill in colouring, and must enhance the value of these excellent publications. As to the magazines themselves, both are worthily great favourites with the public; and from the general contents of the parts now before us, they are likely to sustain the interest so largely felt in them by the public."—*Cardiff Times*.

"These plates, the price of which would have a few years ago been more than that of the part itself, will greatly enhance the value of these publications. One can hardly conceive how it can be possible for periodicals got up as these are, to afford such a valuable addition to their appearance and elegance as the coloured plates we have referred to. The publishers, however, seem bent on the experiment."—*Elgin Courier*.



THE SUNDAY HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF
Instruction and Recreation.

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Withdrawal of Early Numbers.—The first five years of "The Leisure Hour," and the first three years of "The Sunday at Home," can now be purchased only in volumes.

Portfolios and Cases for Numbers and Volumes.—For the preservation of the weekly numbers of "The Leisure Hour," cases, provided with 52 cords, are supplied at the cost of ONE SHILLING each. CLOTH CASES, for binding the Volume at the end of the year, may also be had at the Depository, or through any periodical dealer, price 1s. 2d.

To Correspondents and Contributors.—No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their manuscripts; miscellaneous contributions being sent in too great numbers to be acknowledged or returned.

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